

# Mountain Sentinel.

"WE GO WHERE DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES POINT THE WAY;—WHEN THEY CEASE TO LEAD, WE CEASE TO FOLLOW."

BY JOHN G. GIVEN.]

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## Song.

BY BURNS.

Powers celestial, whose protection  
Ever guards the virtuous fair,  
While in distant climes I wander,  
Let my Mary be your care:  
Let her form so fair and faultless,  
Fair and faultless as your own,  
Let my Mary's kindred spirit,  
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her,  
Soft and peaceful as her breast:  
Breathing in the breeze that fans her  
South her bosom unto rest;  
Guardian angels, O protect her,  
When in distant lands I roam;  
The realms unknown while fate exiles me,  
Make her bosom still my home.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Arrest of Aaron Burr in Alabama.

The following interesting narrative is taken from Mr. Pickett's forthcoming history of Alabama. The relations of the arrest carry upon its face the appearance of so much truthfulness, that we readily give it to our readers. It will be seen that Major General Gaines, then a lieutenant, arrested Col. Burr, and directed his conveyance to Richmond, Virginia, where his trial took place.

The court house of Washington county, in the present State of Alabama, then known as a part of the Mississippi territory, was in a small village called Wakefield, a few miles west of Tombigbee river. Here, late at night, in the month of February, 1807, Col. Nicholas Perkins, a lawyer, and Thomas Malone, clerk of the board, were engaged at a game of back gammon beside their cabin fire. Presently the sound of horses feet attracted their attention. The game suddenly stopped, and the players wondered who were the riders at such a late hour of night.—This little cabin stood immediately on the highway, and the two travellers rode near the door, and inquired if the village contained a tavern. Being answered in the affirmative, one of them asked if Col. Hinson lived in the neighborhood. He was informed that his house was seven miles distant—the road obscure, and that a difficult creek lay in the route. Nothing daunted, the rider eagerly sought information as to the forks and how to cross the creek. By this time the fire, replenished with wood, threw a blaze in the face of the traveller nearest the door. His countenance was highly interesting. His eyes sparkled like diamonds; he rode a splendid horse with a fine saddle and holsters. His dress was that of a very plain countryman, but beneath his coarse pantaloons protruded a pair of fashionable boots. His striking countenance, together with the strange mixture of apparel and equipment, produced in the mind of Perkins, vivid and permanent suspicions, and as the rode off he remarked to Malone, "that is Aaron Burr."

"How do you know?" "I have read descriptions of him in proclamations, and I am certain it is he. He must be apprehended. Let us follow him to Hinson's and take measures for his arrest." Malone remonstrated on the folly of such an expedition at so late an hour of the night, and declined accompanying him. The impulsive Perkins now waked up Theodore Brightwell, the sheriff, then asleep in an adjoining house. Both mounting their horses they took the road to Col. Hinson's. The night was bitter cold, and the pine forest moaned and moaned again the most lonesome and melancholy sighs.

The two strangers reached Col. Hinson's in safety, about 11 o'clock at night, and hailed at the gate. The moon was up, and Mrs. Hinson rising from her bed, saw, through the window, their saddle-bags and in cups, and knew they were travellers. She made no answer, because her husband was not at home. The strangers went into the kitchen, where a large fire was still blazing. Perkins and Brightwell shortly hove in sight of the dwelling. The former recollecting that the travellers had seen him at the cabin, declined going into the house, but sent Brightwell, whom he requested to return to him at a certain spot in the woods, after he had ascertained whether the person was Burr or not. Mrs. Hinson recognizing the voice of the sheriff, who was her relation, rose and opened the door, saying how glad she was to see him, as two persons had stopped at the house, and her husband being absent, she felt alarmed. Brightwell repaired to the kitchen, found the mysterious stranger sitting by the fire with his head down, and a handkerchief partly concealing his face. His companion had gone to attend to the horses. A hasty supper was prepared in main building, which was a double log house, and the strangers sat down to it. The elder gentleman thanked the lady in the most courteous terms for her kindness, and apologised for the trouble they had imposed on her. His

conversation was most agreeable, and Mrs. Hinson discovered that the gentleman and his attire did not correspond. A momentary separation of the strangers taking place after supper. Mrs. Hinson asked the younger one, "Do I not have the honor of entertaining the celebrated Colonel Burr?" Confused and mortified he gave her no satisfactory answer but left the room. The question was suggested by Brightwell, who had previously communicated his suspicions to her.

Early in the morning the mysterious personage, seeking a private interview, disclosed his name to Mrs. Hinson, regretting the absence of her husband, whom he had seen at Natchez, said he was discovered, and would prosecute his journey but had intended passing a week with Col. Hinson. After inquiring the route to Pensacola and Mrs. Carson's ferry, on the Tombigbee, he called for writing materials and indicated several letters. His companion was despatched on the back route for some purpose. He returned about nine o'clock in the morning, and the travellers set out for the Cut-off not far distant.

Let us now return to Colonel Perkins whom we left last night in the woods, highly excited and shivering in the cold. Why did not Brightwell not keep his promise? No one knows. It is a mystery to this day. Perkins remained at his post until his patience was exhausted, and supposing that Brightwell, probably on account of the fascination of Burr, or the pity which had seized him in his behalf, had betrayed their plans, now rode to the house of Mr. Joseph Bates, near Nannuhubba Bluff, to avoid the creeks in the main route to Fort Stoddard. He procured from that gentleman a canoe and negro, dropped down the Tombigbee, and arrived at the fort just after daybreak.

The commandant was Ed. P. Gaines, then a young lieutenant, now a distinguished Major General. Col. Perkins briefly acquainted that officer with the particulars of last night's adventure and his suspicions which, although of slight foundation, had nevertheless impressed him with solemn convictions of their truth. Placing himself at the head of a file of mounted soldiers, the lieutenant immediately rode off with Perkins. On the rise of a hill, south of a branch and, near a wolf pen, two miles below Col. Hinson's the lieutenant encountered the persons he was pursuing, riding in company with his travelling companion and sheriff Brightwell, when the following conversation took place.

Gaines—I presume I have the honor of addressing Col. Burr?

Burr—I am a traveller and a stranger, and I do not recognize your right to ask such a question.

Gaines—I arrest you at the instance of the United States.

Burr—By what authority do you arrest me, a traveller and a stranger on the highway, on my own private business?

Gaines—I am an officer in the United States army—I hold in my hands the proclamation of the President, and the Governor of Mississippi territory, directing your arrest.

Burr—You are a young man, and may not be aware of the responsibility of arresting a traveller?

Gaines—I am aware of my responsibility—I know my duty.

Col. Burr now entered into a brief argument to show that these proclamations should never have been issued, and that in following their dictates, the lieutenant would be subjecting himself to much damage and blame. His manner was firm, his air majestic, and his language impressive; but the firm young officer told him his mind was made up—he must accompany him to his quarters, where he would be treated with all the respect due to Ex-Vice President of the United States, so long as he made no attempt to escape. Without further remonstrance, Col. Burr became a prisoner, and separated from the two gentlemen riding with him. The party reached Fort Stoddard in the evening, and the prisoner was shown his apartment, where he took his dinner alone. Late at night, Col. Burr heard a groan in an adjoining room. He arose, opened the door and approached the bedside of Mr. George S. Gaines, who was suffering from sickness. Burr's manner was kind to him, he felt his pulse, offered him services; said he knew something of medicine. They entered into a sprightly conversation. Burr asked questions about the country, the Choctaw Indians, among whom George Gaines lived as U. S. factor. The next day, Burr, being introduced to the wife of the commandant, a daughter of the late Judge Harry Toulman, dined with the family, and enlivened the whole party with his ready wit, sprightliness and elegant discourse. In the evening he played chess with Mrs. Gaines, with whom he was a frequent competitor in that interesting game. Of nights he sought the company of the invalid, who became exceedingly attached to Col. Burr. During their midnight con-

versations, often would the good heart of George S. Gaines grieve over the misfortunes of this great man. During the time they were together, Burr never once alluded to his arrest, his present troubles, or his future plans. From his early youth it had been his custom to conceal things in relation to himself, and he always endeavored to throw an air of mystery over his acts.

After Colonel Burr had been safely conducted to Fort Stoddard, the indefatigable Perkins departed for Wakefield, and caused the arrest of Burr's travelling companion, who was Major Ashley. Justice Wm. H. Hargrave and John Callier placed him under guard, from whom he fled in the night, and made his way rapidly to Tennessee, where he became engaged in taking testimony for Burr's trial at Richmond. The prisoner was confined at the fort for three weeks before Lieut. Gaines had completed his arrangements to take him to Washington city. The difficulties were great. There were no roads, no carriages, no ferries, and few men could be found in the sparsely settled country, who would undertake a journey so long and over savage lands. Finally Col. Burr left the fort under guard and proceeded in a government boat up the Alabama river, and into the Tensaw lake with Lt. Gaines, and stopped at the house of Mr. John Mills. Here some ladies went upon seeing the low state to which this great man was reduced, and one of them, Mrs. Jackson named her son Aaron Burr. He is still alive; and he was the only boy named Aaron Burr in the Mississippi territory. The ladies everywhere espoused his cause, in the southwestern New World. It is a prominent and noble trait in the female character, to admire a man of daring and generous impulses, and to pity and defend him in his adversities.

At the boatyard in the present county of Baldwin, State of Alabama, the crew disembarked, and here lived William and John Pierce, natives of New England, who had several years before established one of the first cotton gins in Alabama, and a trading establishment. Gaines gave the command of the guard intended to convey Burr to Washington city, to Col. Nicholas Perkins a lawyer from Tennessee. His men were Thomas Malone, formerly a clerk in the land office at Raleigh, North Carolina, and then clerk of Washington county, Alabama, John Henry of Tennessee, John Mills, a native of Alabama, Henry B. Slade, of North Carolina, and two brothers McCormicks, from Kentucky—added to these were two United States soldiers. They were men whom Perkins selected, and he could rely upon under all circumstances. He took these men aside, and obtained from them most solemn pledges, that upon the whole route to Washington city, they would not converse with Burr, or let him escape alive. Perkins knew how fascinating Burr was, and he feared his familiarity with his men—indeed, and he feared the same influences upon himself. His character for making strong impressions upon the human mind, and attaching men to him by association, was well known to the world. When Col. Burr fled from Natchez settlement, he procured a disguise and was still attired in it.

His pantaloons were of course copperas cloth, with a roundabout of inferior drab. His hat, flopping, wide brimmed beaver had in its time been white, but now gave evidence of having seen much rough weather. Placed upon his fine horse, he bestowed him most elegantly and flashed his large, dark eye, as though he were at the head of his New York regiment. To use a common expression of the old settlers who saw him in Alabama, "his eyes were peculiar, they looked like stars." Each man of the expedition carried provisions for himself, and some for Col. Burr. They wore all well mounted, with no arms except pistols and holsters, and two muskets borne by the two soldiers.—The party set out from the boat yard in the latter part of February, 1807. About a quarter of a mile from this place the dreadful massacre of Fort Mims occurred six years afterwards. Pursuing the Indian path, which led from the Bigby settlement, to Fort Wilkinson, on the distant Oconee, the guard travelled thirty miles. At night the only tent in the company was pitched for the prisoner, who reposed upon his blankets. The lower part of Monroe county abounded with pine forests. Here the Ex-Vice President lay the first night, by rousing fires, which threw a glare over the dismal woods, while his ears were saluted with the distant howl of hungry wolves! In the wilds of Alabama in a small tent, reposed this august personage, having no one to converse with, surrounded by a guard, a prisoner of the United States, for whose liberties he had fought—whose government he had helped to form—exiled from New York, whose statutes and institutions bore the impress of his great mind, deprived by death of his splendid wife; his only child then on the

distant coast of California; his professional pursuits abandoned, and his fortune swept from him; the magnificent scheme of the conquest of Mexico uprooted, and the fragments dispersed; slandered and hunted down from one end of the Union to the other—all these things were sufficient to weigh down an ordinary individual, and sink him to an untimely grave. Colonel Burr, however, was an uncommon man. In the morning he rose cheerfully, and pursued his journey. Altho' guarded with vigilance, his few wants were gratified as far as they could be, and he was treated with respect and kindness. The trail being narrow, as are all Indian highways, Burr rode in the middle, having part of the guard in front, and the others behind him, all in single file. The route lay about eight miles south of the present city of Montgomery, then an Indian town called Encomcharte, meaning red ground.

In 1811, Gen. Wade cut out the 'Federal road' along this trail, which was well known to early settlers as the sandy highways in South Alabama. The guard passed by the site of the present Mount Meigs, and stopped at the house of 'Old Milley,' the former wife of a British soldier, who, with her husband in 1770, left the barracks at Savannah, and came to Creek nation. She had long been a resident of these wild woods, now lying in the county of Montgomery. Her husband at this time, a colored man named Evans, was employed by Perkins to pilot the party across the dangerous Cubabachee, and Calabee, both of which they had to swim. It was a perilous and fatiguing march, and for days rain descended in chilling torrents upon these unsheltered horsemen, collecting in rivulets, and swimming them at every point. Hundreds of Indians thronged the trail, and the party could have been shot down; but the fearless Perkins bore on his distinguished prisoner amid the hungry elements and human foes. In their journey through Alabama, they always slept in the woods or in swamps, and among reeds, upon which the belled and hobbled horses fed during the night. After a hastily prepared breakfast, it was their custom to remount and march on in gloomy silence which was sometimes broken by a remark about the weather, the creeks or the horses. Col. Burr was a splendid rider, sitting firmly on the saddle, and always on the alert. He was also a hardy traveller. Altho' wet for hours with cold, clammy rain, riding forty miles a day, and at night stretched upon the bare ground, upon a thin pallet, yet in the whole distance to Richmond, impenetrable Aaron Burr was never heard to complain that he was sick or even fatigued. At the Chatahoochee was a crossing place owned by an Indian named Marshall. The effects of the expedition were carried over in canoes, and the horses swam along side. In this manner they crossed the Flint and Ocmulgee. Arriving at Fort Wilkinson, on the Oconee, they entered the first ferry boat they had seen on the whole route. A few miles further on, they were sheltered by the first civilized roof—a house of entertainment, kept by one Bevin. While breakfast was preparing, and while the guard were seated around the host, a publican on the highway asked from whence he came. As they were from the Bigbee settlements, he immediately fell upon the frightful theme of the traitor Aaron Burr. He asked if he had been taken—was he not a very bad man, and was not every body afraid of him. Perkins and his party were very much annoyed, and made no reply. Burr was sitting in the corner by the fire, with his head down; he now raised it, and planting his fiery eyes upon Bevin, said, "I am Aaron Burr what do you want with me?" Bevin, struck with his appearance, the keenness of his look and the solemnity and dignity of his manner, stood aghast and trembled like a leaf, and uttered not another word while the guard remained at his house.

When Perkins reached the confines of South Carolina, he watched Burr more closely than ever. In this State lived Burr's son-in-law, Col. Joseph Alston, a man of talents and wealth and influence, and afterwards Governor of the State.—Perkins upon the frontier of Georgia, endeavored to convey the prisoner in by roads, and to avoid the towns, lest he should be rescued. The plan was attended with difficulty. They were lost often—the march impeded, and the highway again resumed. Just before entering the town of Chester Court House, in South Carolina, the party halted. Two men were placed before Burr—two on each side—and two behind—and in this manner they passed a tavern, near the street, where many persons were standing, while music and dancing were heard in the house. Seeing the assembly of men so near him, Col. Burr suddenly dismounted, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "I am Aaron Burr under military arrest, and I claim the protection of the civil authorities!" Perkins dismounted and ordered him to

remount. Burr said "I will not!" Not wishing to shoot him, Perkins threw down his pistols, and being a man of prodigious strength, and the prisoner a small man, seized him round the waist, and placed him in his saddle as though he were a child. Thomas Malone seized the reins of his horse, slipped them over his head, and led Burr rapidly on. The astonished citizens of Chester Court House had seen a party enter with a prisoner, had heard him appeal to them for protection, had seen him forced on his horse again, and the party vanished before they had time to recover from their confusion: for when Burr got down from his horse, the guard generally cocked their pistols, and the people ran into the piazza to get out of danger. This feat proves that Perkins was well fitted for the difficult task which Gaines assigned him.

Burr was still to some extent popular in South Carolina, and any wavering or fear on the part of Perkins would have lost him his prisoner; but the celerity of his movements gave no time for the people to reflect, before he was far off in the outskirts of the village. Here the guard halted; Col. Burr was in a high state of excitement—he was in tears. The kind hearted Malone also wept at seeing the low condition to which this gentleman was reduced.—It was the first time that any one had seen Aaron Burr unmounted. The bold attempt to escape, its failure, and treatment he received, produced these sudden emotions.

The guard were very much alarmed for fear Burr would be rescued in South Carolina. Malone and Henry advised the purchase of a carriage. The former took charge of the guard and proceeded on, while Perkins returned to the village and purchased a gig. The next day Burr was placed in the vehicle, and was driven without further incident to Fredericksburgh, Virginia. Here dispatches from President Jefferson required Perkins to convey his prisoner to Richmond. The guard took the stage and soon reached that place. The ladies in Richmond vied with each other in contributing to the comforts of Burr. Some sent him fruit, some clothes, some wine, and some other things. Perkins and his men went to Washington, were paid for their services, and returned to Alabama by the way of Tennessee.

Col. Burr arrived at Richmond on the 26th of March, 1807. For want of testimony he was not placed on trial for 'treason' until the 22d of August. On the 1st of Sept., the jury returned a verdict of 'not guilty.'

'My dear what shall we name our baby?' said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day.

'Why huz, I've settled on Peter.'

'I never knew a man by the simple name of Peter who could earn his salt.'

'Well, then, we will call him Salt Peter.'

POWERFUL MAGNET.—A lecturer was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name anything surpassing the powers of the magnet, when a man mounted the stand and told him that women was the magnet of magnet, for said he, if the loadstone could attract a piece of iron a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to attract him thirteen miles every Sunday, to have a chat with her!

"The following is the best definition of a loafer we have yet seen:—A person who begs all the tobacco he uses—knows more people than are acquainted with him, when he meets them in a coffee house—often looking at his borrowed watch to see the time—and take the paper six months and then tramp."

PUNCH, speaking of the 'swimming Society,' says 'The members were so devoted to the cause, that after dinner, their heads began to swim, but by sticking to the wine, they kept themselves above water.'

A celebrated lawyer in Boston, once concluded an eloquent harangue to the jury, against the prisoner, thus:—He bared his arm gentleman—he bared his arm to heaven, and—stole the sugar."

Now-a-days, to educate young ladies, is to let them know all about the o-gies, the onemies, the efficks, and the ticks, but nothing about the ings, such as sewing, knitting, washing, baking, and making pudding.

PRINTERS IN LUCK.—The Boston Mail says that Richard Boylston, Esq., who has been editor and publisher of the *Aurifer* (N. H.) 'Farmer's Cabinet,' for more than thirty years, has been spending a few days in Boston, receiving a legacy of \$40,000 left him by a relative.

## Opinions of the Press.

A man who would cheat a printer, would steal a meeting house and rob a church yard. If he has a soul, 10,000 of its size would have more room in a musquito's eye, than a bull frog in the Pacific ocean. He ought to be winked at by blind people, and kicked to death across logs by cripples.—*Ann Harbor Wolverine.*

Yea, thousands of such souls as that man's would rattle in a mustard seed—dance contradances upon the point of a wasp's sting—or march abreast through the eye of a cambric needle. A solar microscope would fail to discover them, and when found they would not fill the smallest cranny in creation.—*Post.*

Amen! such a being would steal the molasses out of a sick niggers ginger-cake—take from a drunk man's mouth his last 'chaw' of tobacco—walk all night through the rain to deprive a blind sheep of its fodder—travel fifty miles on a fasting stomach to cheat a dying woman out of her coffin—and steal the wax out of a dead dog's ear. Such a man ought to be tied to a sheep's tail and butted to death by a ram.—*Florence Eng.*

THE PRESS—ITS POWER AND INFLUENCE.—Douglass Jerrold, thus graphically describes the Archimedean lever:

"The power of the press is as boundless as that of society. It reaches the throne—it is enclosed in the cottage. It can pull down injustice, however lofty, and raise up lowliness however deep. It castigates crime which the law can only punish without repressing it. Wherever an eye can see, or a hand can write, there is the press. Persons in tribulation rely on it for redress, and they feel sure that wrong will not go unpunished if it be known to the journals. Like light it penetrates into every nook and cranny of society, and carries help and healing on its beams. It nips rising abuse in the bud. It stops the tide of tyranny when setting in full flood. It derives its vast power from the principles of its being. Speaking out truth and representing reason, it concentrates upon one point the whole moral power of society, and persuades and governs without violence, by the mere knowledge that the physical power of society is always ready to vindicate the right. As it comes into operation, the course of society becomes uniform and equal, and its ends are obtained without those revolutions and rebellions by which a rude, unlettered people make their will known."

## The Difference.

A gentleman from Boston chanced to find himself among a little party of young ladies away Down East, last summer, and while in the enjoyment of some innocent social play, he carelessly placed his arm about the slender waist of as pretty a damsel as Maine can boast of, when she started and exclaimed,—Be done, sir! Don't insult me! The gentleman instantly apologized for the seeming rudeness, and assured the half offended fair one that he did not intend to insult her.

"No!" she replied, archly, "Well, if you didn't—you may do so again," she added to the no small amusement of the company!

## Suspended.

An Irishman, who was talking in rather ambiguous terms about the sudden death of his paternal relative was asked if he lived high?

"Well, I can't say he did," said Terence, "but he died high."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Faith, I mean, like the United States Bank, he was SUSPENDED!"

## A New Proof of Intoxication.

"How," said a Judge in Missouri to a witness on the stand, "How do you know the plaintiff was intoxicated on the evening referred to?"

"Because I saw him a few minutes after the muss, trying to pull off his trousers with a boot-jack!"

Verdict for defendant. See Blackstone—page 37, vs. Gin and Sugar.

A certain noted physician at Bath (Eng.) was lately complaining in a coffee house in that city, that he had three very fine daughters, to whom he would give ten thousand pounds each, and yet he could find nobody to marry them. "With your leave, Doctor," said an Irishman who was present, stepping up and making a very respectful bow, "I'll take two of them!"

"Dennis, darlint, och Dennis, what is it you're doing?"

"Whist, Biddy, I'm trying an experiment."

"Murder! what is it?"

"What is it, did yer say? Why, its giving hot water to the chicken, I am, as they'll be after laying boiled eggs!"